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SIXPENCE.

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ON THE SALONIKA FRONT: A SERBIAN ROCKET-MAN.

Rockets, which were associated before the war chiefly with the Fifth of November and its now defunct festivities, are, of course, largely used in the war for lighting up enemy positions, or signalling. This Serbian rocket-man is necessarily a "lonely soldier." Rockets must not be sent up from points to which it is undesirable to attract the enemy's attention. The rocket-man consequently has to work on his own account in a more or

less isolated spot. This stalwart Serbian, with his steel helmet, long overcoat, and sheaf of rockets, forms a striking and picturesque figure. As mentioned elsewhere in this number, the Serbians have recently won another victory over the Bulgarians, taking many prisoners and much war material, and repulsing several counter-attacks by night. This latest success was won on the Monastir front.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN several discussions of late I have found that my friends and enemies do not always understand the nature of an analogy. It is natural to use a figure of speech; it is pardonable, I think, to turn it into a figure of fun; but there are some people who cannot use an image without turning it into an idol. They could not hear a house called a white elephant without walking round it to look for its tusks. They could not learn that an orchard was a bone of contention without asking a botanist whether trees are really vertebrates. For them the goose of a wild-geese chase has feathers; and the dog in the manger has a dog-collar and a dog-licence. I will not lecture them about logic, or give a series of addresses on extrinsic and intrinsic analogies; I will merely say that it is a good safeguard in such cases to shift the imagery fairly often, so as to make sure that the principle involved applies to all illustrations and not merely to one. It marks our excessive idolatry of form that our critics have a particular horror of a mixed metaphor—a horror which was by no means shared by Shakespeare. Yet a mixed metaphor is much better than what may be called a monomaniac metaphor. Above all, a mixed metaphor is very much better than a mixed idea. This has been half the trouble of some of our politicians and journalists in dealing with the Irish. The Irish bull is often in substance a very solid and formidable animal; while the sort of British Lion which these men oppose to it is heraldically consistent, but intrinsically fabulous.

There is one figure of speech, however, which I happened to use last week to which I will return here, because it happens to be topical both to correct and to expand it. I had occasion to observe that in one respect a great war was like a railway collision. As with any simile, it is needless to point out the numberless other respects in which it is not in the least like a railway collision. To begin to approach a full parallel, for instance, it would be necessary to suppose that at least one engine-driver went mad and wanted a collision. For the Pacifist theory that a thing like the great war can be a great accident is against common-sense. It is a lack of imagination—of that most vital sort of imagination which can imagine the reality. When a man writes an ultimatum, he does not prevent his left hand knowing what his right hand doeth; nor does he recall an Ambassador from one end of Europe to the other in a fit of absence of mind. The Council of War at Berlin was not a hypnotic seance. The army that crossed the Belgian frontier was not an army of somnambulists. The German General did not take the city of Liège as the man in the story took the Moonstone, under the influence of opium. This death-grapple of dynastic and democratic wills was not something which simply happened while all men slept; and to let such natural phrases as a crash or a collapse convince us that it was to be the slave of a metaphor instead of its master. Nevertheless, there are certain respects in which the symbol of a collision is correct and useful; one of them I used last week, and another I will use here. It concerns the very practical point that the quarrel, which is an old story for most belligerents, is often comparatively new to neutrals.

If an express train shooting from Aberdeen to London shatters itself against some accidental obstruction somewhere in Hertfordshire, the mere look of the wreck might well leave a chance spectator, arriving late, in doubt even about the direction of the train or trains. Bars and boards, and even whole

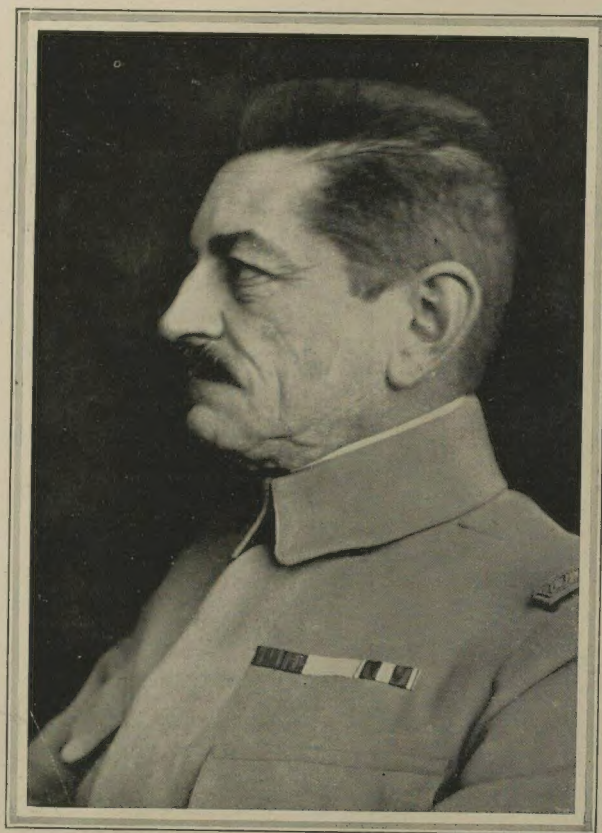
carriages, might be lying in the direction of all points of the compass; and the spectator might well form the opinion that the whole train had been going, not from Aberdeen to London, but even from London to Aberdeen. There might well be nothing to tell the tale of its long travelling, day and night, through the grey moors of Scotland or Yorkshire to the red villages of the South. There are still in the world a certain number of neutrals, especially American neutrals, arriving in a philosophic sense rather late on the scene, to whom the great war is thus a mere débris, with all fragments pointing in all directions. The struggle has, so to speak, thrown everything at a new angle to everything else; and it is about this supreme question of direction that many are still in doubt.

than there is that the Thames is an inland pond. The German Empire was caught red-handed; and yet the same catastrophe that has consummated its ruin has partly concealed its crime.

Information has reached me recently, from neutrals of distinction who are themselves cognisant of the truth and therefore convinced of the Allies' case, which shows that there are quite a surprising number of people, especially in the Middle-Western States of America, who have in this sense only just heard of the war. Largely ignorant even of the most recent Continental history, they see nothing in front of them but a smash, with the sticks lying in all directions. They see one Balkan kingdom against another; one part of the Mohammedan world against another; of the position of Greece, of Ireland, of Sweden, they can make neither head nor tail. Jews, wandering all over the world, tell them tales against Russia; yet the same Jews are by no means always favourable to Germany. This is the sort of tangle which we have now to straighten out: not so much that neutrals may help us in catching the criminal as that they may not hinder us in punishing him.

Of all these facts the most sensational is this: that the overturn has hurled the Prussian prostrate at the feet of the Pole. He is offering the Pole autonomy and alliance—in other words, he is begging the Pole for mercy. For anyone who has ever read a line of past history in the matter, the scene is not only the best of all possible jokes upon the Prussian supremacy, but the best of all possible proofs of the Prussian despair. But the innocent American from the Middle-West, strolling up for the first time, cannot be expected to know that the group he is looking at is like that of Mr. Legree grovelling at the feet of Uncle Tom. He does not know that in this case a mere accident has forced a persistently and quite abnormally cruel master to ask the help of a persistently and quite abnormally tortured slave. It may very well seem to the chance onlooker that the Prussian is making a fairly handsome offer, and that the Pole is a churl to refuse it. For the moment, therefore, we shall do well to dwell, whenever possible, on the true story and the true need of Poland. The true story of Poland is that it was lawlessly divided under the direct instigation and special insistence of a Prussian King. The true need of Poland is that it should be reunited in such a way as to leave not a thread of connection with any Prussian King. If Poland is not really and wholly reunited, if one part of it remains Prussian and another part semi-Prussian, Prussia has won her only real victory since she lost the Battle of the Marne.

In the Polish question, as in the Jewish question, these neutrals ought to realise what is one of the first great facts of the war. It is that even those most inclined to regard Russia as a tyrant must admit that she entered this war in the character of a liberator. Russia went to war to defend a small independent State whose independence she had herself created; she did not merely, like Prussia and Austria, cry out in her last agony for the help of one whose independence she had herself destroyed. The Russian's attitude towards small nationalities is at the worst inconsistent; it cannot be simply hypocritical. The German's attitude is simply and solely hypocritical. If the Poles are intelligent (and they are among the most intelligent men in Europe), they will see that Russia at least possesses generous principles that may be extended in the future; while Prussia has nothing but savage principles, which may be suspended for an hour.



THE VICTOR OF DOUAUMONT: GENERAL MANGIN, WHO COMMANDED THE INFANTRY ATTACK IN THE GREAT FRENCH OFFENSIVE AT VERDUN.

General Mangin played a great part in the historic French victory before Verdun on October 24. He was entrusted by General Pétain with the command of the Infantry attack, which had such splendid results. Under him, besides reserves, were three Divisions, comprising men from various parts of France, a Colonial contingent, and a battalion of Senegalese. The recapture of Fort Douaumont was the great achievement of the day.

And yet for anyone who was on the scene before the collision there is not even the shadow of a doubt. Not for two days, but for two centuries, the Prussian locomotive had sped thundering through the world, scarcely for an instant slackening its pace and never by a hair's-breadth altering its direction. It went from a village called Theft to a city called World-Empire; and everybody knew it as men know the Scotch express. An instant before the catastrophe there was no more doubt about its origin and purpose (for those who had known anything about it) than about the course of the greatest rivers on the atlas. Educated Europeans no more doubted that Prussian history flowed from aggression to aggression than they pretended that the Seine flowed southward from the sea to Paris. There was no more pretence that the modern Germans were a settled and contented people

THREE TO SIX; HAND-TO-HAND: A TRENCH EPISODE IN THE STORMING OF COMBLES.

DRAWN BY JONAS.



BAYONET, AND BOMBS, AND HAND-GRIPS: A FIGHT BETWEEN THREE FRENCH AND SIX GERMANS IN A TRENCH FULL OF THE ENEMY.

This epic combat of three Frenchmen against six Germans took place at the storming of Combles in the night assault. The French captured one part of Combles; our men, the other. Hand-to-hand encounters, mostly against odds, occurred everywhere, for the Germans were massed in their trenches round the village-fortress. The three poilus seen, charged—

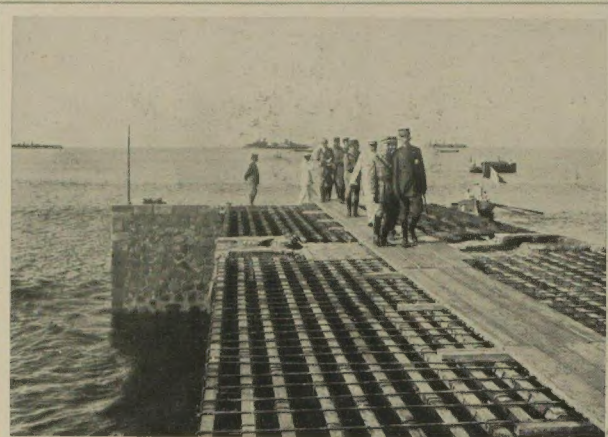
two with rifles and bayonets, the third with bombs. Six Germans faced them at first, but only momentarily. One Frenchman, letting go his rifle, grappled the nearest German. The second flung bombs as fast as he could get them out of the bag. The third bayoneted away right and left. Then the surviving Germans bolted.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE CAMERA AS CORRESPONDENT: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS 3 AND 5 FRENCH OFFICIAL; 4 BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE OPENING OF THE GREAT FAIR AT FEZ BY GENERAL LYAUTEY (THIRD FROM LEFT): A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE OCCASION.



THE FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO LANDING AT A PORT FAMOUS IN RECENT HISTORY: GENERAL LYAUTEY AT AGADIR.



SUBSTANTIAL EVIDENCE OF THE RECENT SERBIAN VICTORIES: A BATCH OF 800 BULGARIAN PRISONERS CAPTURED ON THE MONASTIR FRONT.



THE CONSTANT FLOW OF GREEK VOLUNTEERS FOR THE NATIONALIST FORCES: A SHIP-LOAD OF PATRIOTS LANDING AT SALONIKA.



AFTER CONGRATULATING THE SHERIF OF MECCA ON BEHALF OF FRANCE AND THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO: A MOSLEM MISSION IN PARIS.

The city of Fez has lately been the scene of many ceremonies and festivities in connection with the state visit of the Sultan of Morocco. Some of these were illustrated in our issues of November 4 and 11. General Lyautey, the French Resident-General in Morocco, opened on October 16 a great Fair in the Sultan's palace. A short time previously he paid a visit of inspection to Agadir, the famous port which figured in a memorable European crisis.—The Serbians recently followed up their previous successes with another victory over the Bulgarians on the Tchernia, capturing the village of Iven, 15 miles from Monastir. A French report of November 13 stated: "The number of prisoners counted

so far exceeds 1000. . . . Since September 12 the Germano-Bulgarians have left in the hands of the Allies 6000 prisoners, 72 guns, and 50 machine-guns."—At the time of the Holy Carpet Pilgrimage to Mecca, a special mission sent by the French Government visited that city, headed by Si Kaddour Ben Ghabbit, adviser to the Sultan of Morocco, to congratulate the Grand Sherif of Mecca on having shaken off the Turkish yoke. They were delighted with their reception, and said afterwards that they and their people in Morocco and Algeria would support the Grand Sherif whole-heartedly. In our photograph Si Kaddour Ben Ghabbit has on his left Si Ahmed Skiredi.

WAR FUNCTIONS AT HOME: IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL; AND IN BUCKS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND L.N.A.



THE FLAG OF H.M.S. "CHESTER" ("JACK CORNWELL'S SHIP") HUNG IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL: THE MAYOR AND CIVIC PROCESSION LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL.



THE FLAG OF H.M.S. "CHESTER" HUNG IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL: THE CRUISER'S JUTLAND BATTLE-ENSIGN AS IT NOW HANGS.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT THE "DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT MILITARY HOSPITAL" IN BUCKS: THE DUCHESS AND PRINCESS PATRICIA.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT THE "DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT MILITARY HOSPITAL" IN BUCKS: THE DUKE TALKING TO A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

The ensign of H.M. cruiser "Chester," on board which the heroic boy, Jack Cornwell, V.C., was mortally wounded, was dedicated and hung in Chester Cathedral on November 12. The Dean received the flag, the first naval trophy in Chester Cathedral. In addition to the Mayor and Corporation, who attended in state, a naval detachment and military officers, including the General in charge of the Western Command, were present. The local Volunteers attended, under Lord Arthur Grosvenor. Mrs. Cornwell was specially invited as the city's guest, but, owing to the state of her health after the shock of losing both

her son and her husband, she was unable to be present.—The Duke of Connaught, in company with the Duchess and Princess Patricia, paid an informal visit to the Duchess of Connaught's Hospital in Bucks, on November 11, thus making the first visit to a military hospital in England he has had the opportunity of paying since his return from Canada. The royal party went all over the hospital wards and precincts, stopping to converse with the patients in very many cases. The Duchess is seen walking in advance in the course of her inspection, with Princess Patricia and a staff nurse following.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRENSFORD, KISSACK, BARNETT, LAFAYETTE (GLASGOW), W. AND D. DOWNEY, LANGFIER, ROBINSON, AND BASSANO.



LIEUT. J. K. M. GREER,
Irish Guards. Son of Mr. J. M. Greer,
of Ballymoney, Co. Antrim, Ireland.
Died of wounds.



LIEUT. L. A. WHILLIER,
Suffolk Regt. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. Alfred Whillier, of
Clapham, S.W.



2ND LT. DORMER TREFFRY,
Coldstream Guards. Son of
Mr. Charles Treffry, Fowey,
and nephew of Lady Garvagh.



LT.-COL. J. O'BRIEN MINOGUE, C.M.G.,
W. Yorks Regt. Served with distinction in
Burma, Ashanti, Tibet, and Mohmand
country.



LIEUT. A. LESLIE PLATTS,
Suffolk Regt. Son of late Mr. Arthur Platts,
Gainsborough, and of Mrs. George Whiffen,
The Clock House, Parkside, Wimbledon.



LT. M. R. HOOD MORLEY,
K.O. Yorkshire L.I. Son of
Mr. and Mrs. A. Noel Morley,
Worplesdon Hill, Surrey.



LT. F. STUART LONG,
S. Lance Regt. Son of Rev.
Francis Long, Weaverham
Vicarage, Northwich.



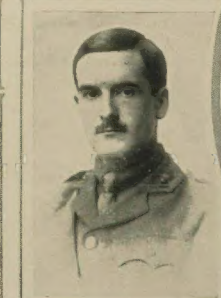
2ND LIEUT.
W. CLIFFORD HALES,
R. Berks Regt. Son of Mr.
W. H. Hales, Wimbledon.



LIEUT. KEITH PATRICK,
Highland Light Infantry. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Patrick, Trafford Park, Bishop-Briggs,
Lanark.



LIEUT. J. F. J. JOICEY-CECIL,
Grenadier Guards. Son of Colonel Lord John
and of Lady John Joicey-Cecil, of Chute
Lodge, Andover.



CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER
CARRINGTON,
N. Zealand Art. Son of late
Dean of Christchurch, N.Z.



MAJOR
LORD LLANGATTOCK,
R.F.A. Son of first Baron
and Lady Llangattock.



CAPT. E. P. ORR EWING,
Scots Guards. Son of Sir
Archibald and the Hon. Lady
Orr Ewing, of Lennoxbank.



CAPTAIN BRIAN BROOKE,
Gordon Highlanders. Has been officially
reported as having died of wounds received
in action.



LIEUT.-COL. HUGH HILL, M.V.O., D.S.O.,
Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Son of late Mr.
James Eardley Hill, barrister-at-law, and of
Mrs. Gerald Shepperson.



2ND LT. W. A. M. NIVEN,
Royal Flying Corps. Eldest
son of Mr. A. Y. Niven, of
Johannesburg.



LT. R. H. SPINNEY,
Coldstream Guards. Son of
Mr. and Mrs. Spinney, of
Honor Oak. Died of wounds.



2ND LIEUT.
FRANK SPINNEY,
Royal Scots. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Spinney, Honor Oak, S.E.



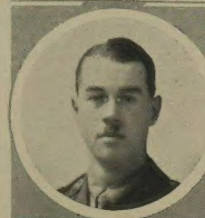
MAJOR F. R. COLLIS,
R.F.A. Was a keen all-round sportsman
and Vice-Captain of the 2nd North Stafford
Rugby Club.



LIEUT. E. M. B. CAMBIE,
K.O. Yorkshire Light In-
fantry. Son of Rev. S. R.
Cambie, Rector of Otley.



LT. G. C. HODGKINSON,
Yorkshire Regt. Son of
Mr. R. E. Hodgkinson, J.P.,
Rotherham.



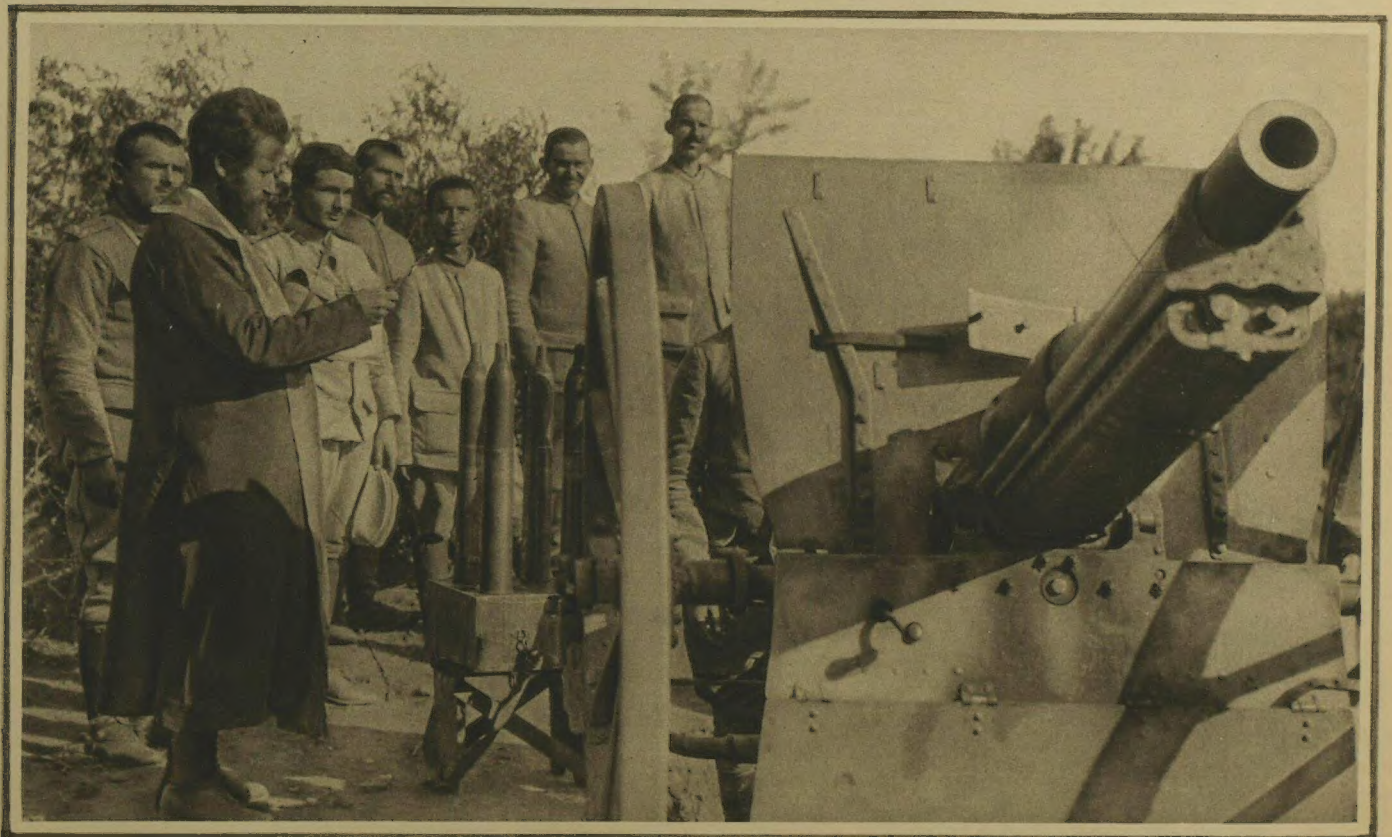
2ND LT. BERNARD LYCETT,
Northamptonshire Regt. Son
of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lycett,
of Wolverley, Worcestershire.

BLESSING A GUN: RELIGION IN THE VICTORIOUS SERBIAN ARMY.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



A SERBIAN 6-INCH HOWITZER IN ACTION ON THE BALKAN FRONT: THE MOMENT OF FIRING—SHOWING ONE GUNNER STOPPING HIS EARS.



RELIGION AND GUNNERY: A SERBIAN "PADRE" BLESSING THE 6-INCH HOWITZER BEFORE THE COMMENCEMENT OF AN OFFENSIVE.

In the Serbian Army, as in the Russian, religion enters closely into the soldier's daily life and work, and it helps him to fight all the better in the justest of all causes, the recovery of his invaded country. Splendid news was received in a Serbian report of November 11, which stated: "Our troops on the Tchernia carried out on the 10th inst. a series of attacks against the enemy, which, notwithstanding his stubborn resistance, were crowned with complete success. . . . Besides enormous losses, the enemy left in our hands 600 prisoners and about a dozen officers. The enemy, also, had to abandon all

his artillery on the Chuke, as well as several mortars and field-guns between our lines and those of the enemy. A mountain-gun, a dozen machine-guns, and an enormous quantity of material have already been recovered by our troops." Later, a Reuter message of the 12th from the Serbian headquarters said: "The Bulgars, reinforced by fresh troops newly arrived, counter-attacked the Chuke positions during the night . . . The Serbian troops not only stemmed the counter-attacks, but made progress northward, pursuing the enemy and captured 1000 fresh prisoners . . . and much war material."

CHURCHES IN THE BATTLE AREA: HALF UNDERGROUND—AND IN RUINS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



WITH ONLY ITS ROOF AND ISOLATED BELFREY ABOVE GROUND: "OUR LADY OF THE TRENCHES," CONSTRUCTED IN A PIT AT MESNIL-LES-HURLUS.



NEAR THE BATTLEFIELD OF CHAULNES, ON THE SOMME FRONT: THE RUINS OF THE HISTORIC PARISH CHURCH OF LIHONS.

The first illustration shows what is surely a unique building. The Church of Le Mesnil-les-Hurlus, in the middle of the battle-area in Champagne, perished with the village, under artillery bombardment. Only its bell escaped. To replace the church for the peasantry of the neighbourhood who remained, the 3rd Battalion of Chasseurs à Pied, quartered near by, built a new church of timber, setting most of it below ground as shown. Only the roof appears above the surface, so as to offer the least conspicuous

target possible to the enemy's artillery. To the new structure the name of Notre Dame des Tranchées (Our Lady of the Trenches) has been given. The former church-bell has been hung, as will be seen, in a wooden belfry at one side of the church.—In the second illustration we see the gaunt ruins which are all that remain of the former fine, historic church of Lihons, a small township on the south side of the River Somme. Lihons is in the neighbourhood of the battlefield at Chaulnes, south of Péronne.

MADE A DAILY TARGET BY THE GERMANS: VERDUN CATHEDRAL.

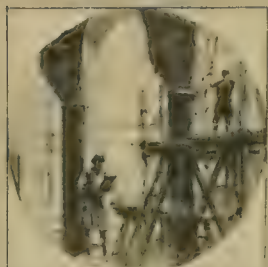


SHOWING GERMAN PRISONERS: AT NOTRE DAME DE VERDUN, WHICH THE ENEMY HAVE SHELLED WITHOUT CEASING, TO REVENGE DEFEAT.

It is not thanks to the enemy that there exists as much of Verdun Cathedral as is seen here! The Germans have done their utmost to mar it as badly as they have marred Rheims, but, for some reason or another, without attaining their object. As related some time since by a correspondent in the French lines at Verdun, after the final check to their attacks on the French main position in the summer, the Germans appeared day after day to be making a special target of Verdun Cathedral. They seemed to be bent on taking revenge on it, firing at its towers for hours daily with both incendiary and

high-explosive shells. Yet comparatively few hits were counted. That the enemy have not done more damage to at least the exterior of the edifice than appears, may possibly be partly due to the long range of the bombardment. Perhaps, also, it is due in part to the powers of hitting-back possessed by the French Verdun batteries disconcerting the enemy's gunners. Verdun Cathedral stands up prominently in the higher part of the city. In the illustration, part of a column of German prisoners, taken in a recent enemy defeat by Thiaumont, is seen mustered in the Cathedral square.

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK.



THE ARCHITECT, ANTHEMIUS OF TRalles, INSPECTING A PLAN DRAWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRalles & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WARRIORS' BADGES.

DURING the last few days London has been honoured by the presence of some of our kinsmen from Nova Scotia. While awaiting their call to the grim work which has drawn them from their distant homes, they have rightly taken

though a most remarkable animal, is by no means a handsome one, being white in hue, and having a clumsy-looking head, insignificant horns, and short, heavy legs. Furthermore, it has the disadvantage of being a nondescript sort of creature, for it is neither sheep nor goat, but reminiscent of both.

Australia, in this respect, has at least half-a-dozen

are two of the most wonderful of birds, though the first-named has long since become extinct, having been exterminated by the Maoris. They were remarkable not merely for the gigantic size which some species attained, but also for the fact that in some not only the wing, but also the shoulder girdle which supported it, had vanished.

In no other bird, living or extinct, has the degeneration of the wing gone so far as this, though that of the kiwi runs it very close, being quite invisible till carefully hunted out from among the feathers. The flightless owl-parrot, or the kea, or the strange huia-bird, might have been chosen. These, however, are species familiar enough to the New Zealander, but apt to puzzle those not versed in ornithological lore. Finally, New Zealand is also the home of the most famous and remarkable of living reptiles, the tuatara, or sphenodon, the only living member of an extinct race of lizard-like creatures, and it has the merit of lending itself to artistic treatment as a badge.

To judge from a recent "Flag-day," Africa is represented by the spring-buck. Really, the antelopes officially chosen are the oryx, or gems-buck, and the gau, which are characteristic enough. But here again the possible choice is rather bewildering, for the ostrich, Cape buffalo, lion, giraffe, or zebra might have been taken, to say nothing of the elephant, hippo, rhino, or aardvark, and one could easily add to the list.

India has also a wide choice of animals to serve the purpose of a "hall-mark." The Bengal tiger will occur to most people; but that strange antelope the nyghau, or the black-buck, the peacock, or the cobra would serve equally well. Better still would be to select one or other of the many animals held sacred by the native race of the Province which the several regiments now in the field represented.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: AMMUNITION GOING UP ON PACK-ANIMALS.

Official Photograph.

the opportunity of seeing as much of the great Mother of Cities as is possible. What they think of us we do not know, but we are certainly impressed by their magnificent physique; and most of us, I think, are not a little curious as to the meaning of the bunch of feathers they are wearing, jauntily stuck in the cap. I had been told that they were eagles' plumes, and also that they were "chicken" feathers. To-day I plucked up my courage to ask one of a party who had come to visit the Natural History Museum whether he could enlighten me. Somewhat to my surprise, he replied that he did not know what was the meaning of this emblem, and he considerably removed his cap in order that I might inspect it. So far as I could see, these feathers were from the wing of a wild goose, one or two of which had been dyed to form the now familiar spot of bright colour at the base of the bunch. Perhaps some of my readers will be able to tell me more about this badge, or I may have the good fortune to meet another warrior who will be able to solve the mystery which at present enshrouds it.

If it is purely "ornamental," then I would suggest as more suitable, and also more imposing, the head of the moose in silver, for this magnificent deer is one of the commonest of the big-game animals of this beautiful and fertile land. It is true the moose is not confined to Nova Scotia; but then, it would be difficult to find any bird or beast that possessed this qualification. Their cousins from Newfoundland might well adopt the head of the caribou; while, similarly, the Canadian might take the beaver rather than the maple-leaf—or, since the "Rockies" afford one of the most striking of the physical features of Canada, the magnificent Rocky Mountain sheep or "Big-horn" (*Ovis Canadensis*) might be adopted. For the same reason, the Rocky Mountain goat might serve; but this,

animals to choose from, though the kangaroo and the emu stand easily first. The choice of the Australian has fallen on the latter, albeit the tufts of feathers from this bird are not of a strikingly ornamental character. The feathers, however, proclaim the bird, while as much could not be said for a patch of kangaroo fur.

New Zealand, again, is fortunate in possessing strikingly distinctive native animals, and it is curious



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: DRAWING SHELLS TO THE GUNS.

Official Photograph.

that this fact has not been taken hold of in this matter of territorial badges. Possessing no mammals save two bats which cannot be regarded as distinctive, her choice is limited to birds. Of these there are a number to choose from, but the only two which really compete for this honour are the moa and the kiwi, or apteryx. They, however,

Save in the case of the ostrich only, one would like to see the animal selected represented by a silver badge rather than by tufts of actual fur or feathers, since thereby needless slaughter would be avoided, and with it the attendant danger of depleting the species, or even bringing about its extermination.

W. P. PYCAFT.

BEFORE THE PRESIDENT, LI YUAN HUNG: AN ANNIVERSARY REVIEW.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



THE GREAT MILITARY REVIEW ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC:
THE MARCH-PAST OF SOME 15,000 TROOPS ON OCTOBER 10.



USED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC AT THE REVIEW:
THE STATE PAVILION.



ON DUTY AT THE REVIEW ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC:
THE PRESIDENT'S BODYGUARD.



AT THE FIRST GREAT MILITARY REVIEW WHICH HE HAS HELD AS PRESIDENT OF CHINA:
LI YUAN HUNG AND HIS STAFF.

In commemoration of the anniversary of the establishment of a Republic in China, the President, Li Yuan Hung, held a great review on October 10, the first since he assumed office. Some 15,000 troops took part in the march-past. The Chinese Republic really came into existence on February 12, 1912, when the last Emperor, Pu Yi, abdicated, but the election and inauguration of the first President took place later. Meantime a Provisional Parliament met on April 8, 1913, and drew up China's new Constitution. Yuan Shih-kai was elected President on October 6, 1913, and was formally inaugurated on October 10. On October 7 Li Yuan Hung was elected Vice-President. Previously

he was in command of troops at Hankow. Yuan Shih-kai died on June 6 last, and Li Yuan Hung formally assumed the Presidency on the following day. He has risen from comparative obscurity. During the Chino-Japanese War he was third engineer in a Chinese cruiser, and on the outbreak of the Revolution he was Colonel of a battalion of infantry. When he opened Parliament as President, on August 2 last, and took the oath to the Constitution, the Peking correspondent of the "Times" wrote of him: "We seem to see in Li Yuan Hung the intention not to scheme for his own hand, the intention to be honest, and the intention to impose honesty on others."

CAMPAIGNING IN "A WILDERNESS OF MUD":

OFFICIAL



EVEN MORE WELCOME THAN TO BENIGHTED WAYFARERS IN LONDON:
A ROADSIDE COFFEE-STALL NEAR THE BRITISH FRONT.



GOING BACK TO "HOSPITAL" 1
TO THE REAR



"MUD TERRACE"—SOMEWHERE ON THE BRITISH FRONT:
SOLDIERS RETURNING "HOME."



A HEAVY TASK OVER MUDDY
UP TO



EVIDENCE OF THE ARTILLERY'S -HUGE EXPENDITURE OF AMMUNITION:
A FEW OF OUR "EMPTIES."



MOVING UP THE GUNS: ARDUOUS WORK FOR THE ARTILLERY
BEFORE ACTION CAN COMMENCE.

SCENES ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN WET WEATHER.

PHOTOGRAPHS.



A BRITISH GUN ON ITS WAY
FOR REPAIRS



A "REMOVAL" ON THE BRITISH FRONT: TRANSPORTING A HUT
ON A ROAD BEHIND THE LINES.



GROUND: MAN-HAULING A BIG GUN
THE FRONT.



RETURNING FROM THE TRENCHES IN POURING RAIN: MIDDLESEX MEN ON THEIR WAY
BACK FROM THE FIRING-LINE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



A RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE IN DIFFICULTIES: A LABORIOUS TASK
FOR THE ENGINEERS.



KEEPING THE GUNS SUPPLIED WITH AMMUNITION: LOADING UP SHELLS ON A TROLLEY
TO BE TAKEN TO A BATTERY.

In spite of bad weather, the British Army at the front has done splendid work, and has kept in wonderful spirits. During the four weeks up to November 7, it was stated the other day, no fewer than 2400 German prisoners were taken by our troops in some nine or ten different engagements—a very fine result, considering the conditions. Had the ground been dry, no doubt further great advances and still greater captures would have been made. Meanwhile the communiqués have familiarised us with the phrase: "The weather continues stormy." In an official review of recent events on the British front, it was stated: "Since the summary of October 19, which brought the account of events in the Somme battlefield down to the second week in October, the weather has been for the most part unfavourable to operations on any extended scale. Heavy rain has fallen almost every day, and the

chalk soil of the upland between the Aisne and the Somme has become a wilderness of mud. Such conditions hamper military operations very seriously, but, nevertheless . . . we have made progress. . . . During the period under review we carried out many raids on enemy trenches, from which useful results have been obtained. Towards the end of the month the enemy artillery became more active, and enemy aeroplanes were more in evidence. This increased activity has been satisfactorily dealt with by our own guns and aircraft. The captured during the fortnight have brought the total prisoners taken in the Somme battlefield up to 31,312.¹ It has been frequently pointed out of late that General Mud and his disagreeable *aidé* have been painfully in evidence, bringing upon our troops conditions which mean a heavy addition to the inevitable hardships of the war.

"GO ON, LILY WHITES!" THE COLDSTREAMERS IN A GREAT CHARGE BY THE GUARDS ON THE SOMME.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



"AS ONE MIGHT IMAGINE THE OLD KNIGHTS AND YEOMEN OF ENGLAND AT AGINCOURT": COLDSTREAMERS CHARGING, FOLLOWED BY GRENADIERS AND IRISH GUARDS.

Several regiments of Guards, including the Coldstreamers, the Grenadiers, and the Irish, played a splendid part in the great battle of September 15, which resulted in the capture of Martinpuich and Courcellette and over 2300 prisoners. Our artist's drawing has been made from an officer's material just to hand. The ground in front of the German trenches, he says, was nothing else but shell-holes. There were three broken trees standing out above the mist, by which the line advanced. Originally they started shoulder to shoulder with bayonets at the charge in the good old style. Describing the same event, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "The Guards had their full share in the fighting. . . . These splendid men, so tall and proper, so hard and fine, went away as one might imagine the old knights and yeomen of England at Agincourt. For the first time in the history of the Coldstreamers, three battalions of them charged in line, great solid waves of men, as fine a sight as the world could show. Behind them were the Grenadiers, and,

again, behind those men the Irish. They had not gone more than 200 yards before they came under the enfilade fire of massed machine-guns. . . . Gaps were made in the ranks, but they closed up. The wounded did not call for help, but cheered on those who swept past and on, shouting 'Go on, Lily Whites!'—which is the old name for the Coldstreamers—'Get at 'em, Lily Whites!' . . . The Guards went on. Then they were checked by two lines of trenches, wired and defended by machine-guns and bombers. . . . The Guards took them by frontal assault full in the face of continual blasts of machine-gun bullets. There was hard and desperate fighting. The Germans defended themselves to the death. . . . By that time the Irish Guards had joined the others. All the Guards were together, and together they passed the trenches. . . . going steadily deeper into the enemy country until they were 2000 yards from their starting-place. . . . They fought grandly."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

GERMANY'S REVENGE FOR VERDUN: SLOW DESTRUCTION AT RHEIMS.

NEW OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE FRENCH WAR OFFICE.



INSIDE RHEIMS CATHEDRAL: THE ROSE WINDOW OF THE SOUTH DOOR.



THE NORTH DOOR, ALSO BOARDED UP: THE INTERIOR OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.



HAZARD BY GERMAN SHELLS ON THE WEST FRONT: OVER THE LEFT DOOR.



THE CENTRAL DOOR: MUTILATED STATUARY AND SHATTERED WINDOWS.

Since the great French victory at Verdun, it has become apparent that the Germans are venting their spite once more on Rheims Cathedral, that glorious monument of Gothic architecture which holds the tombs of ancient French Kings, and is for France what Westminster Abbey is for us. The German method is not to destroy the Cathedral suddenly, as they might, by a heavy bombardment, which would, of course, raise a storm of execration throughout the world, but by a shell or two dropped upon it from

time to time to make it appear as though the process were accidental and an inevitable result of war. The flying buttresses which support the structure are being gradually destroyed—four have already gone—and if this insidious shelling goes on the roof and walls and practically the whole building must collapse. The shells come from two forts, Brimont and Nogent l'Abbesse, about five miles away. They cannot directly reach the western façade, but the effect of the fire they caused in the scaffolding which stood

[Continued opposite]

THREATENED WITH COLLAPSE UNDER SHELLING: RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

NEW OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH ISSUED BY THE FRENCH WAR OFFICE.



THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF FRANCE, WHICH THE GERMANS ARE STEALTHILY DESTROYING IN WANTON SPITE: RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

Continued.
before it becomes continually more serious, and rain adds to the process of dilapidation. The French cannot even send up masons to carry out repairs lest they should be mistaken by the enemy for military observers. Needless to say, the Cathedral is not, and will not be, used as an observation-post; indeed, the French have plenty of others available; nor are there any cantonments near the Cathedral; yet the quarter where it stands has obviously been selected as a target by the German artillery. "Nothing," writes Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, "could be more Hunnish or futile. Rheims is in a sector of

the front which has little military importance, and there has been no fighting in the neighbourhood for nearly two years. The Cathedral itself was never used for any military purpose, and this wanton destruction of what remains of this venerable pile shows clearly the state of desperation to which the enemy is reduced by our successes on the Somme and before Verdun." It has been suggested that neutral nations should unite in protest against such an iniquitous act of vandalism as the total destruction of one of the world's greatest architectural glories.

LADIES' PAGE.

IN fashion, we all know, there is nothing new under the sun, but all that is done has been done aforetime. The dress-designers have now made a sudden rush to the Middle Ages for their new ideas. The attempts to bring in various puffs and loopings, or excess of fulness, are abandoned, and the long, close, yet loose lines of mediæval gowns are sought after. The effigies of Queens and noble ladies of the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries generally show robes of clinging cut that are at the same time loose, with belts, whether of embroidery or goldsmith's work, passing round the figure at the level of the hips and falling low in front. Sometimes there is a distinct tunic or upper dress in a different material from the under-dress. The upper garment may be sleeveless, with a very tight-fitting sleeve of the same material as the under-skirt seen coming through the arm-hole. A feature of mediæval dress for a long time was an "alms-bag," or large outside hanging pocket, very richly embroidered. All these ideas are now being adopted into the cut of our indoor garments; while outdoor and ordinary every-day frocks are now to be plain, straight-falling, and simple. The skirts are cut to "flare," rather full, but all in straight lines—in fact, simplicity in perfection—a happy triumph of common-sense and sense of what is just now befitting on the part of the customers over the fantasies that the designers tried to persuade women to adopt.

Smocking is revived for blouses; and a loose jerkin in crêpe-de-Chine or soft satin smocked at the shoulders and the waist with a different colour is a pretty garment for afternoon or simple dinner wear. The dressmakers' fantasy is developing in collars; some blouses have a round collar made over buckram or wired to stand out all round the neck about the level of the chin, and others have a rolled collar reaching to the bust in front, rising behind the head at the back, in exactly the shape of a horse's halter, after which it is called. Both are ungainly, methinks. Basques are appearing on blouses, only a few inches deep, and frilled on round the waist-line. A frill to correspond is often set round the figure over the bust.

Fashions that are at one time of the latest date and exclusive may be studied to great advantage at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's spacious premises, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square. There is great distinction about all their goods, from the tiny cluster of satin flowers to pin on the gown or the little collar to finish the neck of it, up to the smartest of costumes, the finest of furs, or the daintiest articles of lingerie. Some of the present stock in the underclothing department is so gorgeous as almost to take one's breath away: what are referred to as "night-dresses," but which are really boudoir gowns, in crêpe-de-Chine and "triple ninon," trimmed with fur, such as a royal-blue crêpe gown with neck and sleeves edged with ermine, or a pale-pink ninon one with sable trimmings, are really exquisite. The day of the petticoat is revived, and a nice silk petticoat from Debenham's makes a pleasing Christmas gift. The taffetas ones are made firm and full enough to



A BEAUTIFUL WINTER COAT.

An original fur coat of grey krimmer lamb, with a handsome collar, cuffs, and deep flounce of finest natural skunk. (Debenham and Freebody.)

support the dress skirt by means of flounces; generally scalloped out petal-wise; while evening petticoats are of crêpe-de-Chine with flouncings of embroidered net. Another acceptable Christmas gift can be selected from the *embarras de richesse* in the blouse department. There are copies of exclusive French models by the great Paris designers; most are trimmed with a little fur, but embroidery and smocking play their part. The "jerkin," or "jumper," so fashionable and easy, is variously represented. There are blouses for large figures too, really "out-size," and some velvet ones in glorious autumnal tints, rich yet not gaudy, are enviable. House-frocks and tea-gowns are quite a speciality of the firm, and are made in charming loose and graceful designs, just the thing to get into easily for a rest—artistic yet comfortable. For Christmas presents, again, the well-stocked jewellery department should be inspected; and the silver also is varied and moderately priced. Catalogues are to be had from most of the departments, but a visit of inspection is most enjoyable.

More beautiful and interesting than many exhibitions are the galleries at the splendid premises of Messrs. Waring and Gillow, 164-180, Oxford Street, W. There lovely things of many varieties are displayed, and the public are freely invited to enter and walk round leisurely, apart from any intention or obligation to purchase. Not but that the temptation to acquire some one or more of these delightful possessions must become almost irresistible. The season for Christmas gifts is approaching, and nowhere can a more varied and extensive selection of articles suitable for this purpose be found than at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's. There are any quantity of high-class pieces of furniture, those splendid examples of the English cabinet-maker's art that become heirlooms and increase in value with the passing of time. But there are also simple though well-made articles at modest prices—such as, on the one hand, an exquisitely decorated satinwood sofa table for £32 10s.; and, on the other hand, a useful mahogany table for occasional use at 26s.; or, for another example, a carved mahogany writing-table of beautiful design and finish for £29 10s., and a small but useful article of the same sort and wood for £2 18s. 6d. There is a delightful inlaid satinwood manicure-table, fully fitted, for £9 9s. Draught-screens, easy-chairs, cushions, footstools, book-rests, and innumerable other articles sure to please, are spread before us in the furniture galleries, and some are quite inexpensive. But other departments attract equally, and special notice should be given to the ornamental glass, of which the firm held a very large stock that is still being offered at pre-war prices, though the market value has risen enormously. The china department has some lovely reproductions of old powder-blue at very low prices. A speciality is a night-light stand made like an old English lantern, with silk shade in any colour—only 4s. 3d. complete, packed and posted for 10d. more. An oxydised-silver electric table-lamp is charming for a guinea, and there are wonderfully cheap clocks, and a silver department replete with fascination. A catalogue can be had by post.

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NEW NOVELS.

"Mr. Britling Sees It Through." Mr. Britling is not the average Englishman. He is an intellectual, and a sensitive. We do not find

him to be much more than a transparency through which the mind of Mr. H. G. Wells plays on the war as England has taken it. This is unavoidable; how could you feel the personal sense of intimacy for a man who remains "Mr." Britling steadily all the way through? Mr. Wells's mannerisms are not soothing; but there is, on the other hand, something great in this kneading and modelling of the stupendous material heaped up in an active brain in the last two years. Mr. Britling observes, of course, the chicanery of politics, the waste, the muddle, the over-lapping, the humiliations, and over and above all, the bloody madness of the conflict. He was all wrong in the beginning, as men of high theory are apt to be when they come up against naked ambitions and ruthlessness. He learns; and he suffers. He is presented by an American with an awe-inspiring picture of the German machine working through Brussels, the colossal German organisation setting itself to conquer the world. He does not seem clearly to perceive England's effort, being held by the chaotic details, and missing the broad effect. While the witch-hunters were smelling out traitors in the land, five million men were trained, munitions forged for them, and the New Army grew to maturity. So far as the newspapers Mr. Britling indicts are concerned, it might have leapt into being in a night; for their Kitchener-baiting was in full blast at one moment, and at the next they were united in a megaphonic chorus of admiration of the Army of the Somme—made while they reviled and harassed its creators. The book ends on a note of religion, and a yearning towards the stricken heart of mankind. "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" (Cassell) is profoundly interesting, even though it must not be accepted, for all its wonderful inclusiveness, as the complete picture of England in war. The sea-affair is hardly mentioned, for example. Mr. Britling is only looking out of his garden door, although tragedy and knowledge come staggering heavy laden to him across its pleasant threshold.

"Mary." The late Miss Braddon kept the flag flying to the end. "Mary" (Hutchinson), published after her death, is good sound fiction, with not a line scamped, not a

character left hanging in the air, or a situation unexhausted of its possibilities. Great were the Victorians; and once again we respectfully salute another of that mighty company, now gathered to her contemporaries in their honourable rest. "Mary" is the story of

Mary Smith—the name to be observed for its significant obscurity. She was found, starving and homeless, in a London street by a philanthropic young man, who took her to a Rescue Home, and subsequently reinstated her in better surroundings. We wanted to see more of the Rescue Home: the glimpse of Norah Lee, singing loudly, whetted our interest. But this was not to be; and the story proceeds to Mary's marvellous fortune, to her encounter after years with the man who had betrayed her, and the triumph of true love after long adversity. It is a generous novel, rich in its detail of Conway Field's wealth, amplified by scenes in Venice, and a Stock Exchange gamble, a full-dress night at the Opera, a Cornish night of storms. Every page is well stocked—and the book is not meagre in the number of its pages.

"Lilla: A Part of Her Life." We can imagine Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' plots written out beforehand on a sheet of newspaper, crystal clear and concise, tested and found flawless before a word of the new novel is committed to manuscript. Apart altogether from the pleasure her reasonable and worldly-wise studies of character present, there is a peculiar satisfaction in knowing that the story itself is mathematically exact. She does not depart, in "Lilla" (Hutchinson), from the method she used with so much success in "A Chink in the Armour" and her other books. She takes real life, something that has occurred lately in the public eye, and transmutes it into fiction. The case of the Singletons has happened, and will happen again. Men reported missing, and certified by the War Office to be dead, have reappeared, to find their wives have married again. In the case of Dare Carteret's presentiment, too, of death by water, we all know the story that has run the round of London since the Hampshire and its great passenger went down. Mrs. Lowndes has remodelled this material to her own uses, and constructed a novel of excellence. It stands true at every point. The difficulty of Robert Singleton's property is evaded by his living in his mother's house as her dependant. Obviously, the law was not called in to affirm his death, and so set Lilla free. It is not necessary to advise people to read "Lilla," because by this time the public knows what Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' name stands for; but it does remain to say that, good as all her novels are, this is at least as good an one of them.



GREEK VOLUNTEERS ARRIVING AT SALONIKA TO JOIN THE NEW FORCE: A SCENE OF DAILY OCCURRENCE.
Official Photograph.



THE VISIT OF THE BELGIAN GRENADIERS' BAND: LORD FRENCH (WITH THE BANDMASTER) INSPECTING THE MEN.

Following the French Garde Républicaine band, the Belgian Grenadiers' band recently came to this country. The 70 members held part of the line at Loos. They arranged to play at the Alhambra on November 12, and to rehearse a "Te Deum" at Westminster Cathedral on the 14th.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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feeling it might not reach him in good condition; but he writes home to us that he uses OXO to fortify the soup they have, and asks for more to be sent each week, as OXO is very sustaining and helpful to buck one up in such a trying climate."

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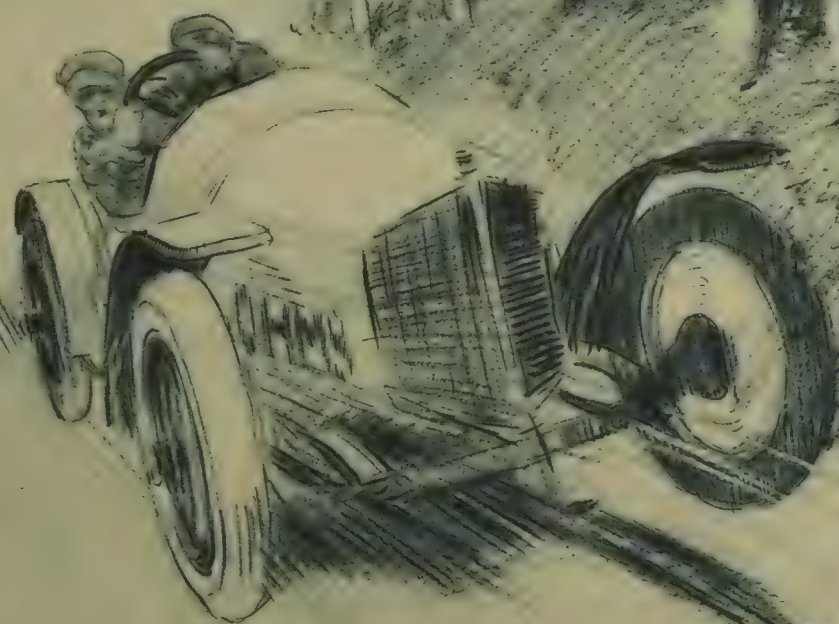


Officer (*apprehensively*): What a smash those fellows would have if a tyre were to burst at that pace on one of these bends.

Dunlop (*slightly amused*): Yes, if—! but I don't think you need worry about that, as I happen to know the tyres are Dunlops.

Officer: That's all very well, but even Dunlops burst sometimes.

Dunlop: Only in very exceptional circumstances. I always make the side walls, and indeed, the whole casing of the cover extra strong, stronger in fact than the casing of any other cover, in order, first of all, to obviate bursts, and secondly, so that the casing can really be satisfactorily re-treaded. Many tyres burst at the walls before the original tread is anything like worn out, and no cover will stand re-treading so well as a Dunlop. They are points worth bearing in mind.



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LITERATURE.

Captain and Admiral
Afloat and Ashore.

The second of Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald's two books, in which the gallant Admiral relates personal experiences of service afloat, "From Sail to Steam" (Arnold), makes a timely appearance at this moment. It ought, at least, to prove as popular as was the gallant officer's previous work, "Memories of the Sea." The Admiral now takes up his narrative at the point where he left off in his former book. That good stories should abound goes without saying, combined with a store of facts about the Navy of the 'seventies and 'eighties of the nineteenth century which are as instructive as they certainly are interesting. And the brisk, sailor-like way in which the Admiral says what he wants to say undoubtedly makes most attractive reading. Incidentally, Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald saw something of the King during his Majesty's seagoing days. The first time was on the China Station, where Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald was serving as a Captain at the time that the King, then Prince George of Wales, visited the Far East as a naval cadet on board the *Bacchante*, together with his brother, the Duke of Clarence. After that, during the Naval Manœuvres of 1889, as one of the squadron flag-officers of one of the fleets engaged, Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald had the King (at that time Lieutenant Prince George of Wales, R.N., commanding torpedo-boat No. 79) under his direct orders. Disclaiming any courtier spirit in speaking of his Majesty's keenness and ability as an officer, Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald expresses very high appreciation of the King's ability. He tells, for one thing, the story of how the King, during the manœuvres, by "a bold initiative, considerable nerve, and skilful seamanship," rescued a torpedo-boat consort on the rocks off Lough Swilly on a dark, rough night after two attempts. The second was made in response to the King's special insistence. "He begged so hard to be allowed to 'have

another try' that I could not find it in my heart to refuse him, so I supplied him with a new five-and-a-half-inch hawser and sent him out again, though I confess I felt a bit anxious. . . . They were all hot on the job 'for the credit of the ship,' as sailors love to put it, and a little before noon No. 79 triumphantly towed her disabled consort safely into harbour." An altogether excellent and most taking book is "From Sail to Steam," and sixteen illustrations add to its attractiveness.

those who think of Palestine only in terms of Christianity. The scope of this volume is much wider, for it carries its readers back far into the distant past—from the days of the Neolithic Stone Age, in short, to the end of the Roman Period. The author reviews in turn the ancient caves and rock cuttings, and the ornaments of flint, bone, ivory, and stone which have been found there; the introduction of the metals and pottery; and burial customs; concluding with a chapter on worship and places of worship. There

are one or two points in this book; however, which seem to show that the author is more of an archaeologist than an ethnologist. He makes no mention of the fact, for instance, that the Neolithic inhabitants of Palestine, of whom he speaks in his Introduction, were members of the great "Mediterranean" family which has played so important a part in the history of Europe. The statement that they cremated their dead, by custom, is not borne out even in his own pages. That they did so in places is perfectly true; but this fact demonstrates the infiltration of an alien element, which was introduced by the Armenoid immigrants who invaded Europe in force towards the close of the Neolithic period. These people came from the highlands of the Pamirs. Grafted on to an Arab stock, they became the founders of the Semites. But, to judge from the author's statements, the "Semites" arrived on the scene as a pure-bred race of invaders, bringing with them the use of metals and the potter's wheel. This is not so. The most convincing evidence has now been produced by Professor Elliot Smith to show that the use of metals arose in Egypt. The failure to realise this, and many kindred facts, robs the chapter on Metallurgy of much of its value.

Palestine, indeed, was for some time a dependency of Egypt, but of this no mention is made. To the Philistines the introduction of iron is attributed; but no mention is made of the Asiatic origin of these people, nor of the fact that to them the very name Palestine is due. But, in spite of these blemishes, this is a very interesting book, and represents a large amount of hard work. Furthermore, it has the advantage of being profusely illustrated.



THE PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND AT THE FRONT: MR. W. F. MASSEY AND HIS PARTY
ON THE EDGE OF A HUGE MINE-CRATER.

When he received the Freedom of the City on November 6, Mr. Massey said in his speech: "During the last few days I have had an opportunity of seeing the magnificent work which the soldiers of our Army are doing for the Empire."—[Official Photograph.]

Palestine and
its Past.

Many a book has been condemned to an undesired obscurity because of its title. And this unhappy fate may well overtake a most delightful volume on Palestine by Mr. P. S. P. Handcock, which, while it should appeal alike to both Jew and Gentile, is sent forth into the world labelled "The Archaeology of the Holy Land" (Fisher Unwin), thereby seeming to be designed to ingratiate itself with

THE CADET

They do put us through it; never since I left Marlboro' have I had to work as I have done lately; why, settling days on the Stock Exchange are nothing to it. Not having touched mathematics for years, the exams. are a bit "up to you" at first; but I have learnt one thing—that all the wise ones smoke "Army Clubs."

They're dinkie.



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- - DOMESTIC PURPOSES - -

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

The public are cautioned against the many injurious imitations of "Scrubbs Ammonia" that are being offered, and attention is drawn to the signature of Scrubb & Co. on each bottle, without which none is genuine.

SCRUBB & CO., LTD., GUILDFORD STREET, LONDON, S.E.

The best ten minutes of the day is spent in a Mustard Bath—a bath to which you have added a tablespoonful or so of mustard. It clears the system, brings a glorious glow to the skin and a splendid sense of rest and refreshment to brain and body.

Colman's
Mustard Bath



"Let Mustard
prepare your bath."



THE ART OF SAPPING

and mining dates far back into History. In the Middle Ages a sap was driven under the moat. Then the miner protected by lean-to beams set to work on the wall. He propped the hole round with wood and when the breach was big enough set fire to the wood and the wall collapsed. The defenders attacked by throwing stones and boiling oil from the parapets and by shooting from flanking towers.

If hard work is sapping your strength—reinforce with **BOVRIL**

HARD work does not hurt you if you are properly fed. But if your food does not nourish you, fatigue saps your strength until a breach is made for illness to enter in. *You are sure of being nourished if you take Bovril.*

The body-building powers of Bovril have been proved by independent scientific investigation to be ten to twenty times the amount taken. And that is exactly why Bovril is so valuable when one is working at high pressure.

The body is being perpetually and literally "broken down." The old tissues perish and must be replaced by new ones. This process is known to science as "metabolism" and the harder you work the faster the body is "broken down."

Bovril helps you to build up the body faster than work and life break it down. That is why Bovril safeguards your health and gives you, over and above, that store of splendid energy which makes living a pleasure. Start taking Bovril to-day.

For the Front.—The most convenient pack to send out to Officers is Campaigning Bovril. Six 4-oz. tins in a compact parcel.

In spite of the increase in the cost of Beef, the raw material of Bovril, the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the war.

**Bovril
gives
strength
to win**

"BUXELL," AT THE STRAND.

WHATEVER may be the explanation, wherever the fault—and it is certainly not with the chief actor—there is something a little wrong with "Buxell" as a melodramatic farce of adventure. With all the apparatus

swept us along. Nor does any blame attach to Mr. Lowne, whose Prince with his museum of relics of his amours was quite in the right key; while, however comic-operatic might be reckoned Mr. Spencer Trevor's treatment of a local Mayor, he was at any rate heroically strenuous. There is thus something of a mystery about "Buxell," but it is the kind that battles rather than intrigues.



AT THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: A DISTRIBUTION OF THE "GREYS" CIGARETTES. Every soldier who took part in the Lord Mayor's Show was presented with a packet of the "Greys" cigarettes, the gift of the manufacturers, Major Drapkin and Co. Members of the V.A.D. are here seen making the distribution near the Law Courts.

for terrific pace, it does not seem to move. Its Alsatian hero who escapes from his guards in a cook's disguise, rolls himself up in a carpet like Cleopatra, swaps identities with a Prince with Huguesque audacity, and even seizes on that magnate's castle, in a progress that at every turn gets the better of German officials and turns them to ridicule—what better protagonist, you might think, could you have for a burlesque drama of incident, what else but triumph could issue from the stage presentation of such an adventurer's escapades? And yet the rough-and-tumble effect you expect, the excitement, the rush, somehow do not come off. There are moments, to be sure, when you laugh; there are types, or caricatures, which are amusingly hit off; there are alarms and excursions, devices and surprises, which ought to make you catch your breath; and yet there is no punch in the play. How is it? Has not Mr. Besier, with all his instinct for the stage and his sense of comedy, the knack of indicating movement in dialogue, of suggesting the atmosphere of adventure? Perhaps so. Meantime, it is not Mr. Matheson Lang's fault that Buxell seems like Sisypheus, for this player has just the manner, the energy, the humour that should have

error occurred regarding the name of the publishers. The book was not issued by Messrs. Methuen, as inadvertently stated, but by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Harry Rountree's "Ridiculous Rabbits," as portrayed in this and other illustrated Christmas books for children published by Messrs. H. Stevenson and Co., are likely to be as popular in the nursery as the cats of another well-known humorous artist. The same firm's other publications for little readers include "Rabbit Rhymes," the "Alice in Wonderland" Book of Pictures and Post-cards for Painting, and the Little Tuppenny Series of illustrated rhymes about animals.

"LONDON REVISITED."

MR. E. V. Lucas is a prolific writer and a pleasant one. It is not exactly what he says, but the happy way in which he contrives to say it, that commands a steady and well-pleased audience. His knowledge of London, like that of Sam Weller, is "extensive and peculiar," and "London Revisited" (Methuen) is described as a sequel or supplement to an earlier work on the same lines published ten years ago. Books about the Metropolis are as the sand upon the seashore for multitude, and, one might add with reference to some of them, for digestibility. It is quite impossible that Mr. Lucas should find much to say that has not been said before, but he can, and does, find a fresh method of presenting the old truths. Quite lightly and easily he moves from place to place—from Bow Church to the Mint, to John Hunter's Museum by way of Holland House, to the Adelphi by way of the Oval, and to Lord's and the "Zoo" from Hampton Court. There is nothing startling about the whole performance, there are no thrills—subject and author alike forbid—but there is the sense of the company of the well-read *flâneur* who helps the reader to appreciate London, and may be relied upon to come forward with the right anecdote or reflection at the moment when it is indicated. Sometimes Mr. Lucas gives the reader the fruits of research among books that are but little known; there are touches of a humour that is quaint

In our review of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Lady Connie," published in our issue of Nov. 4, we regret to find that an



COMRADES AT A WELL BEHIND THE SALONIKA FRONT: A SERBIAN; A BRITISH SOLDIER; AND AN ANNAMITE OF THE FRENCH FORCES. On the right is seen a civilian.—[Official Photograph.]

and welcome; there is much quotation, most of it apt; and nobody will give "London Revisited" a careful reading without being better pleased with the capital of the Empire.

DUBARRY'S BATH SALTS

These Bath Salts give the bath water a rain-like softness, are tonic, invigorating, refreshing, and beautifying in their effect on the skin.

They are supplied in eighteen Exquisite Odours, the principal of which are:

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| "THE HEART OF A ROSE" | "ELDORADO" |
| "ARCADIE" | "EAU DE COLOGNE" |
| "ROMADOR" | "NUIT DE MAI" |
| "BLUE LAGOON" | "A BUNCH OF VIOLETS" |
| "NIGHT OF JUNE" | "APRÈS LA PLUIE" |
| "RAVANA" | "GARDEN OF KAMA" |

IN BOXES AT

2/6 4/6 8/6 17/6 and 42/- each.

BATH DUSTING POWDER

In same sizes and prices as Bath Salts. For use with a large puff after the bath.

Sent post free on receipt of remittance.



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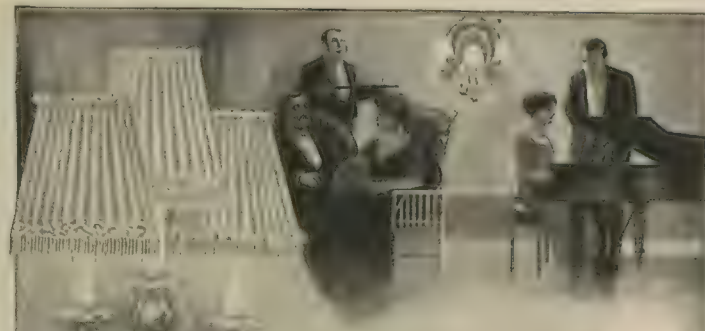
The
Super Virginia
Cigarette

Oval Cork Tipped
Soft to the Lips



Tins of 20
One Shilling
Boxes of 50
Two Shillings & Sixpence

R & J HILL
London



The Soft Radiance of Candle Light

is equally appropriate for the Dinner Table and the Drawing Room. Restful and soothing, casting the softest of shadows, it creates an atmosphere of its own. Mellow beyond compare, the light of

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Awards.

PRICE'S CANDLES

completely banishes that strident note that attaches to the use of ultra-brilliant illuminants.

It is important that the right quality of candles be employed.

GRAND PRIZE PARASTRINE SHADE Candles,

for use under shades that descend automatically.

GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE CANDLES, for Dining and Drawing Room use.

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY LIMITED

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Public Opinion
has pronounced it
the finest Whisky
in the World.



Sole Proprietors:
Robert Brown Limited,
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and London.

Handkerchiefs for everybody

are described in our latest list. Handkerchiefs for ladies, gentlemen or children. Khaki handkerchiefs for soldiers, sailors or airmen. Plain handkerchiefs for everyday use; quaint designs for the children, lace and embroidered trifles for the dainty woman—and all are offered at direct prices, thus saving the middleman's profit.

No. 5A. Ladies' fine Mull scalloped Embroidered Handkerchiefs, about 13 inches, 6/6 per dozen.

No. 60. Gentlemen's pure linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, Hand-embroidered Initial, about 14 inches, with 3/4-inch hem, 11/3 per dozen.

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Write to-day for Handkerchief List, sent post free with cuttings.

Robinson & Cleaver
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LONDON BELFAST LIVERPOOL

FOOT'S Self-Propelling and Adjustable Wheel Chairs.



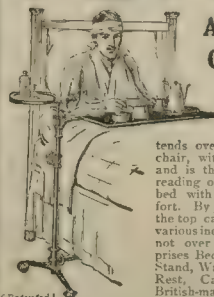
(Patented.)
Model 356.

By simply pressing a button the occupant can instantly change the position of the back to any degree of inclination. The extensible leg Rests can also be adjusted by the occupant, and are supplied either single or divided. No other chair has so many conveniences.

Write for Catalogue F7 of Wheel Chairs in various designs.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd.,
171, New Bond Street, London, W.

The "ADAPTA" Bed-Table A MODERN COMFORT.



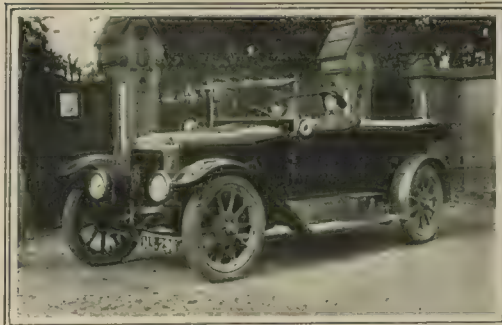
Can be instantly raised, lowered, or inclined. It extends over bed, couch, or chair, without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed with ease and comfort. By pressing a button the top can be adjusted to various inclinations. It cannot over-balance. Comprises Bed-Table, Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed-Rest, Card Table, etc. British-made.

(Patented.)
No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Polished Wood Top. £1 10 6
No. 3.—Ivory, with Adjustable Side-Table, Automatic Book-holders, and Polished Oak Top (not illustrated). £2 17 6
No. 5.—Complete as No. 3, but with Detachable Candle Sconce, and all Metal Parts finished Polished Brass. £4 4 0
Carriage paid in Great Britain. Write for Booklet A7
J. FOOT & SON, Ltd.,
171, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Post-War Programme.

One British firm at least, apparently, has hopes of an early return to normal manufacturing conditions. I understand that the Austin Company is announcing a post-war programme, and will confine itself to a single model of moderate power. When it will be possible to put their good intentions into actual practice is another matter, but the evidence of alertness and a determination not to be left behind when the fight for markets opens at the end of the war is excellent. Therefore I tender my sincere congratulations to Austins on having been the first to give expression to the resolve of the British industry to be well in the front when the light begins. Such an announcement as that made by the Austin firm may be thought by many to be at least a little premature at a time when we are told that we have only reached the middle stage of the war. There is nothing in sight to indicate the length of the middle stage, let alone to form a basis for prophecy of the duration of the final phase. But, irrespective of any question of how much longer the war is to last, I regard it as a good and a hopeful sign that even one firm should outwardly manifest the spirit of optimism, to say nothing of the demonstration it conveys that, in spite of all our troubles, we are not commercially



A LUXURIOUS "ARROL-JOHNSTON" CAR: THE LATEST MODEL, PRODUCED AT THE END OF 1914.

The handsome car of which we give a photograph is an admirable specimen of the well-known Arrol-Johnston cars, which are in such high favour for their appearance and technical excellence. The lady at the wheel is Miss Chilton, of Oldhill. The makers of the car, Messrs. Arrol-Johnston, Ltd., of Dumfries, are contractors to H.M. War Office.

to be regarded as a spent force. It would be a good thing, from many points of view, if the example were very widely followed

Within the Law. A curious case was heard at one of the London police-courts the other day, illustrating quite aptly how absurd a law can become by the mere process of inventive development. It appeared that an electrically propelled invalid-chair was being driven by its inventor, escorted by the manager of a well-known firm of manufacturers of invalid-furniture, on one of the highways of Hampstead. In its travels it was met by a police-sergeant, who promptly issued summonses against the driver for not having a licence to drive and for driving an unregistered motor-car, and against the firm for aiding and abetting. The court held that the offences had been committed, and convicted, but imposed nominal penalties. The little vehicle which was the cause of all the trouble was exactly like any other invalid-carriage, or Bath-chair, except that it was propelled by a 1-h.p. electric motor. It may be unfortunate for the owner of such a vehicle, but the fact that it is "mechanically propelled" makes it a "motor-car" in the eyes of the law. Therefore it must be registered, and the invalid who uses it must take out a licence to drive a motor-car, just as though his vehicle were the most powerful of "sixes." It

(Continued overleaf.)

ZENOBI
TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

The Soul of the Flowers

The wonderful exactness with which the natural flower scents are reproduced in Zenobia Perfumes wins instant admiration. The delicate odour of

ZENOBI SWEET PEA BLOSSOM

is as exquisite as that of the flower itself. This perfume, which was originated by Zenobia, Ltd., is sold at 2/9, 3/11, 5/6, and 11/6 per bottle.

Other Zenobia Perfumes in great request are Zenobia Night Scented Stock (same price as Sweet Pea Blossom), Zenobia Lily of the Valley—2/3, 3/11, 6/9, and 11/6—, and Zenobia Eau de Cologne, the perfect Cologne, sold at 1/3, 2/6, and 5/.

Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Stores.

ZENOBI, Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

BRITISH THROUGHOUT.

STRAKER-SQUIRE

Our works being entirely devoted to the production of Important Government Requirements during the war, we are not at the moment constructing touring-cars for the general market, but we intend to continue the production of our famous 15-20 H.P. Chassis immediately after the war, when we shall again be specialising in the One Model only, in which will be embodied all the very latest improvements in design and material based on our experience in pre-war days from which we have established a world-wide reputation in specialisation, and this has since been considerably enhanced by the important Government contracts entrusted to us during the war, all of which must make for improved design and undoubted higher efficiency. We are already accepting orders for the new model, which will be dealt with in rotation.

STRAKER-SQUIRE (1913), Ltd., 75, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

Snake Charmer Cigarettes

for Connoisseurs

Per Packet of Ten

BOUQUET 7½d.

SIZE

QUEEN 10½d.

SIZE

May be obtained at all the branches of Salmon & Gluckstein, Limited, or post free direct from their Warehouse 2-14, Clarence Street, St. Luke's, London E.C.

The Most Fascinating Gift for a Lady of Quality is a set of the

Morny Fine Perfume Products

fragrant with

"Essence Mystérieuse."

Perfume 1 lb 2/6
Ess. de Toilette 8/ 9/6
Bath Salts 3/10 9/4
Bath Salts Tablets ... 3/10 3/10
Complexion Powder ... 5/- 5/-

Free delivery is made within the London postal area.

MORNY FRÈRES LIMITED 201, REGENT STREET, W.

When you entertain—
When you travel—
When you thirst—

You will find nothing so good as

BULMER'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet.

H. P. BULMER & CO., Hereford.

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The FRENCH VICHY-CÉLESTINS

Natural Mineral Water.

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the World.

Wholesale Agents: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., Bangor Wharf, Helvedere Road, London, S.E.; and at Liverpool and Bristol.

JUBOL

Physiological Laxative.

The only agent that effects the functional "re-education" of the Intestine.

**Constipation
Enteritis
Haemorrhoids
Dyspepsia
Migraine**

JUBOL

(Cleanses the Intestine,
Prevents Appendicitis & Enteritis
Relieves Haemorrhoids,
Prevents Obesity,
Preserves the harmonious curves
of the figure.



*Medical
Reports:*

Académie des Sciences
(Paris, June 28, 1909)
Académie de Médecine
(Paris, Dec. 21, 1909)

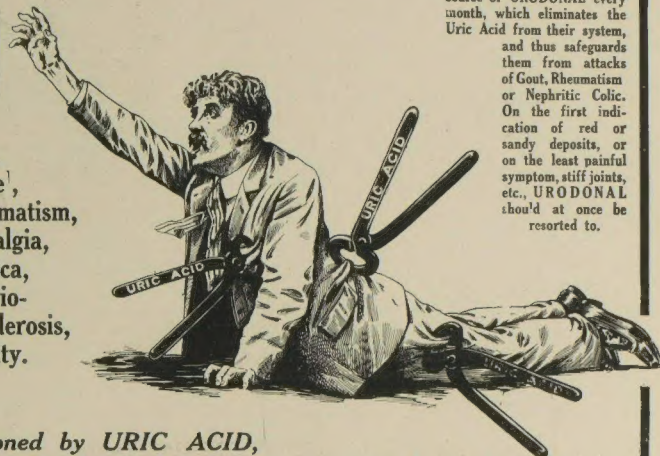
"There is no doubt about it, my dear friend. Your attack of Enteritis (Inflammation of the Bowels) is the inevitable result of taking too many purgatives, which are a positive 'social danger.' But with JUBOL there is no risk of this kind, and in a very short time JUBOL will effect a real 're-education' of your intestine, which is now suffering from the ill-effects of purgatives."

JUBOL, Price 5/- per box (complete course of six boxes, 2s/6). Prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Ph. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents **Heppells** Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can also be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies," and "Treatise on Diet."

THE VICTIMS OF URIC ACID



Gout,
Grave,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
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Arterio-
Sclerosis,
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Arthritic subjects take a course of URODONAL every month, which eliminates the Uric Acid from their system, and thus safeguards them from attacks of Gout, Rheumatism or Nephritic Colic. On the first indication of red or sandy deposits, or on the least painful symptom, stiff joints, etc., URODONAL should at once be resorted to.

Poisoned by URIC ACID,

Tortured with Pain, he can only be relieved by

URODONAL

Because URODONAL dissolves Uric Acid.

The claims made for URODONAL are, that it not only induces the rapid solution of uric acid in the body, but also its complete elimination. These claims are fully supported by the testimony of innumerable investigators who have demonstrated their truth both in laboratory experiment and in clinical experience. The relative value of URODONAL is readily gathered by one precise statement of fact elicited by careful investigation, viz., URODONAL is 37 times more active than lithia as a uric acid solvent. For many years Urodonal has been recognised by the medical profession in France and other countries as a specific for gout, rheumatism, and other uric acid disorders; it now occupies a similar position in Great Britain. Not the least important point in favour of Urodonal is its absolute harmlessness. There are few (if any) agents of like potency of which it can truthfully be said that it may be taken regularly by patients of all ages, suffering from all sorts of disabilities and diseases, without producing any harmful by-effects whatever.

Sufferers from Chronic Rheumatism, Gravel, Gout, Sciatica, Arthritis, Migraine, Nephritis, Biliary Colic, Gouty Eczema, &c., &c., can obtain relief by taking URODONAL, which will eliminate

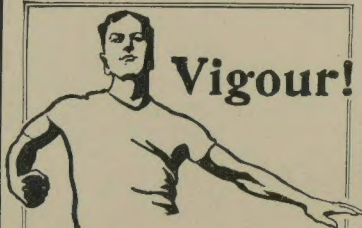
the uric acid from their system, and thus remove the cause of all troubles.

URODONAL now possesses a world-wide reputation. Thousands of doctors and millions of patients agree in stating that "Urodonal is to rheumatism what quinine is to fever."

URODONAL, prices 5s. and 12s. (latter size equals about three 5s. bottles). Prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Pharm. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists, or direct, post free, from the British Agents **Heppells** Foreign Chemists, 164, London, W., from whom can be obtained, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies," and "Treatise on Diet."

Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUGIER FRERES, 63, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada.
Agent in U.S.A.: Monsieur GEO. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, Cliff Street, New York, U.S.A.

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Vigour!

IN VITAFER, there is vigour for the weak; brightness for the nervous and depressed; concentration for those who cannot "get going" at business; and rest for the sleepless,—because

Vitafar

The All-British Tonic Food

is rich in the phosphorus-bearing tonics which renew worn-out nerves and restore energy and self-control, while in protein, 1 part equals 6 parts of meat.

And all the great good in VITAFER is in a form which weak digestions can easily absorb. It is pleasing to take and is non-constipating.

VITAFER is recommended by physicians the world over as an improvement on the German Sanatogen, being not only better as a food but lower in price.

Sold by all Chemists in sealed tins, price 1/6 & 2/6. Larger sizes 4/6 & 7/6. No substitute is as good.

A test sample can be obtained by mentioning this paper and sending 2d. in stamps to the Sole Manufacturers: SOUTHALL BROTHERS & BARCLAY, Ltd., BIRMINGHAM.



SAVED TO SERVE THE EMPIRE

Over 2,200 brave men now serving in the British Navy were trained and cared for during their boyhood in the homes of the

NATIONAL REFUGES

and in the Training Ships

"ARETHUSA" & "CHICHESTER."

Patrons: Their Majesties the King and the Queen. Chairman & Treasurer: W. E. Hubbard, Esq., 17, St. Helen's Place, E.C.

Old boys from the society are serving in over 100 British regiments; many have been wounded, and several have already given their country.

23,000 BOYS AND GIRLS MADE INTO GOOD CITIZENS

Since its foundation 73 years ago, the Society has fed, clothed and trained 23,000 boys and girls, and placed them in useful trades and occupations.

WILL YOU HELP RELIEVE OUR WAR BURDEN?
We are in GREAT NEED OF FUNDS.

There is a deficit of £6,000 in the maintenance account owing to increased cost of necessities and lack of donations.

Will you help us to provide for and train the 1,200 boys and girls now actually under our care? We are doing our utmost, but cannot carry on without YOUR HELP.

Donations, Large or Small, will be gratefully received by the Secretaries, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.



GONG SOUPS

MADE BY
OXO LTD

Gong Soups relieve the cook of so much work. The careful selecting, blending and measuring of ingredients have all been done beforehand; nothing remains but the "finishing off"; namely, the addition of water and gentle simmering.

A NEW SOUP EVERY
WEEKDAY FOR A
FORTNIGHT.

Scotch Broth
Mock Turtle
Pea
Mulligatawny

Lentil
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Ox Tail
Thick Gravy

Celery Cream
Green Pea
Artichoke
Tomato

2d.



Say Wolsey

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WOLSEY has found countless thousands the "safe way"—the safe way to avoid colds and chills and all their allied mischiefs—the safest way of all.

In Wolsey's specially selected wool you have the secret. In Wolsey's perfect manufacture, its comfort, its service and its value, you have the other secrets which have helped to win for Wolsey a favour exceeding that of any other make of underwear in the world.

Wolsey

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Made in garments and sizes for Men, Women and Children. Any Wolsey garment found to shrink will be replaced free. Sold by Drapers and everywhere.

The Wolsey Underwear Co., Leicester.

See the Mark



Continued.] sounds ludicrous, and so it is. All the same, I don't see how the framers of the Motor-Car Act are to blame. They could hardly have foreseen the invention of the self-propelled invalid-chair, or doubtless they would have excepted it from the operation of the Act. Seriously, it does look as though something might be done to exempt such a vehicle from licensing. Heaven knows we are going to have only too much use for it later on—and it really isn't a "motor-car." The matter, I imagine, could easily be disposed of by a Local Government Board Order, or even by a slight amendment to the existing Order.

Twenty Years Ago. Twenty years ago this month motoring on British roads became legal. Four miles an hour, with a man walking in front carrying a red flag, had been the law until the passing of the Locomotives on Highways Act, which came into force in November 1896, legalised the use of the car and a speed-limit of twelve miles an hour. Excepting aviation, I doubt if any mechanical movement has manifested the enormous progress in so short a time as has been achieved by motoring and the motor-car. It is a far cry from the crazy contraptions that were used to celebrate the passing of the "Emancipation Act" by the first London-Brighton run to the luxurious car of 1916. And it must be remembered that the real progress was achieved in the first decade. Save in refinement of detail, there is not much in it as between the car of 1906 and that of the present time. By that year the

car had settled down in design, and had taken on its final characteristics. The "horseless carriage" had disappeared and the engineer had come into the field with scientific ideas of design, so that, while the cars of the early days were redolent of the amateur in design, the model

of 1906 was really the motor-car as we know it now. Development since then has simply been a logical process of improvement. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of motoring progress has been the entire alteration of the public attitude towards the car and its user. Even a dozen years ago the motorist was anathema to the great mass of the non-motoring public. Now the car is not only accepted as a commonplace, but it has become the principal factor in locomotion, and a serious rival even of the railways. It is a wonderful record indeed to have grown from nothing to a predominant position in two decades.



A REMINDER OF OLD TIMES: A WINNING "TALBOT."

News of a motoring hill-climbing competition comes from Cape Colony, where a contest for Owner-Drivers was held recently at Grahamstown, in which a three-years-old Talbot car was placed First on Formula after accomplishing fourth fastest time of the fifteen competing cars. Since the war the entire manufacture of this model, together with other models for use as ambulances, transport, or Service cars, on which the Clement Talbot works are still almost exclusively engaged, has been appropriated for war service.

C.A.V. Lighting Enterprise.

Although, in common with most other firms in the business, Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co. are working day and night on Government contracts, they tell me they are still able to turn out their well-known electric lighting and starting sets for the private user. They have issued lately an abridged catalogue, from which I gather that C.A.V. prices have been very little increased since the war.

Tyre Sizes.

I have always made a strong point of the advisability of over rather than under-tyring the car. The Goodrich Company sends me a booklet in which are set forth the advantages of the over-size tyre, and which is distinctly worth perusal. All the arguments are put before the reader so clearly and concisely that the little book in question is quite convincing.

W. W.

Signet Rings, Fob Seals, Desk Seals.
ENGRAVING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Artistic Designing & Best Workmanship
HERALDRY, ENGLISH & FOREIGN.
Memorial Brasses & Armorial Windows.
LEO CULLETON, 92, Piccadilly, London.

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish
The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Cansisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.W.

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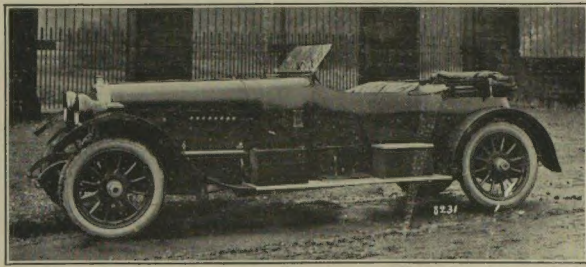
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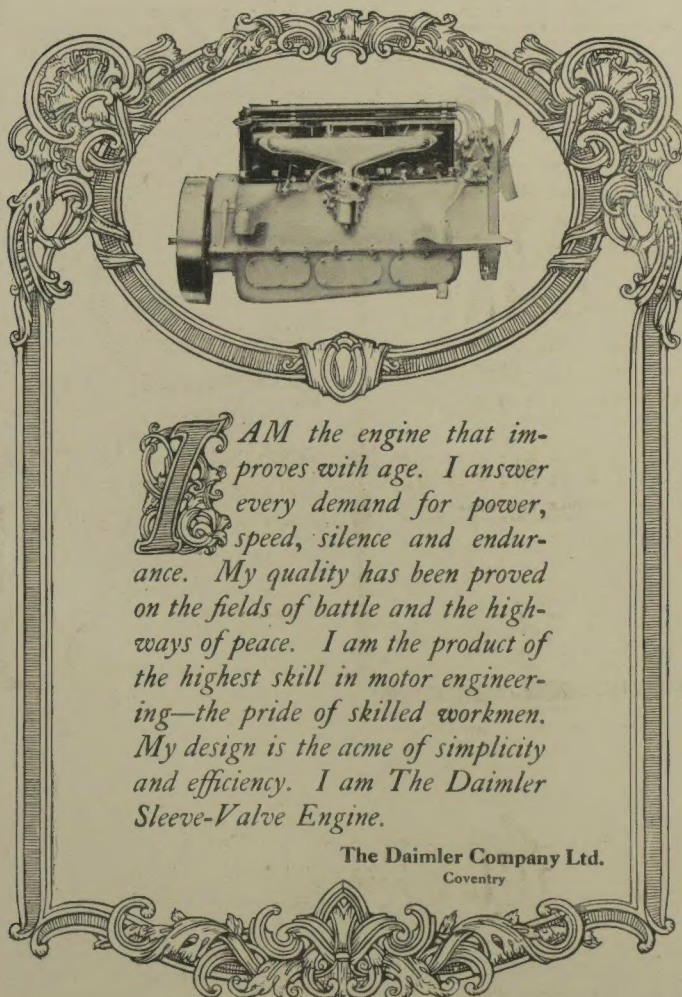
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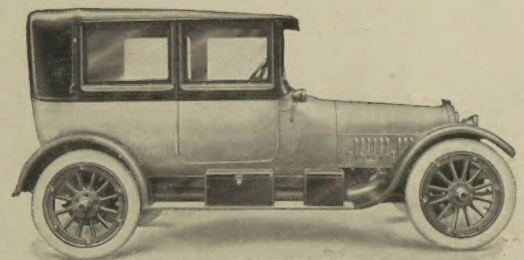


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